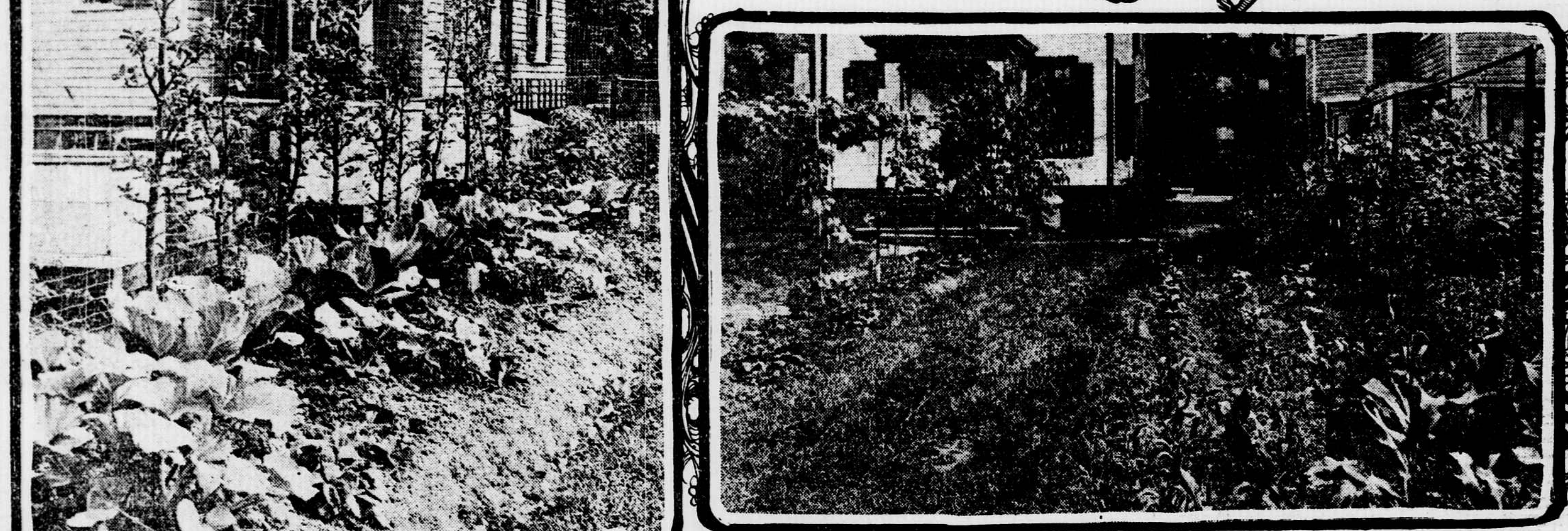
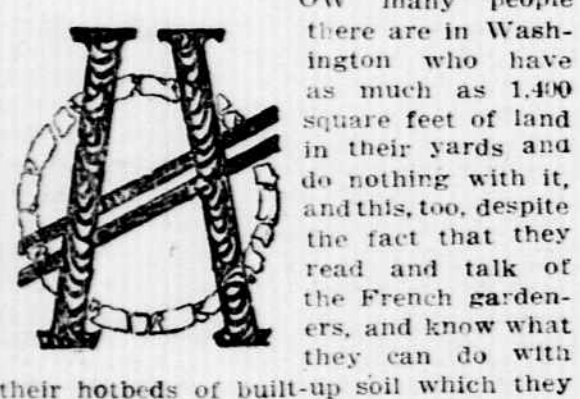


AN IDEAL FRENCH GARDEN in Washington



PORTION OF THE GARDEN SHOWING DWARF ENGLISH APPLE TREES

By David Fairchild,
President of the People's Gardens.



OW many people there are in Washington who have as much as 1,400 square feet of land in their yards and do nothing with it, and this, too, despite the fact that they read and talk of the French gardeners, and know what they can do with their hotbeds of built-up soil which they

LOOKING TOWARD THE HOUSE

I have no doubt that many instructive examples could be found which are now hidden by back yard fences and the walls of houses.

Dr. Morris Wooden, the owner of 1435 Newton street, has the right idea of a French garden. He has, in the first place, made it interesting and he has done this by growing a great variety of things. To many people a back yard garden means a vegetable garden, and a vegetable garden means rows of cabbages and potatoes with their accompaniment of potato bugs to be poisoned and cabbage worms to be picked.

There is this surprise in the radishes and early peas and beets first break the crust of earth in the spring; the first little pink radishes for the table; the first head of lettuce; the blooming of the peach trees and the first crop of grapes; the incredible growth of the cucumber vines; the first ripe tomato, not to mention the blooming of the lilacs and the roses or the climbing nasturtiums and clematis; nor the keen interest which attaches to all sorts of inventions for subjugating the cucumbers or training the grapevines. All these are entertaining in the early morning.

Most people are so firmly convinced that it takes a great deal of time to start a garden that they let year after year go by without doing anything. The owner of 1435 Newton street shows what a little

experience will teach any one—that if you once begin you will have a garden before you know it.

Beginning with a poor clay soil, the first mornings in March were spent in spading up the beds which ran along the sides of the double lot and forking under a good supply of manure bought from a nearby stable, together with lime and plaster. The board fence was replaced by a pipe and wire one, which let in the sunlight and air, and served as a trellis for vines and a support for apple and pear trees.

But now is not the time for a detailed account of when everything was planted, that belongs to the spring.

It is the array of things in this garden which should surprise and interest Washington owners of back yards. Aside from the usual lawn devoted on Mondays to the clothesline and laundry, the owner has planted as closely as he can the following plants:

Peas, Beets, Carrots, String beans, Chard, Radishes.

GRAPE ARBOR WITH CUCUMBERS STRAWBERRIES AND LETTUCE UNDERNEATH

Onions, Summer Squash, Cantaloupes, Brussels sprouts, Eggplant, Lima Beans, Asparagus, Horseradish, Mint, Lettuce, Tomatoes, Peaches, Raspberries, Blackberries, Currants, Logan berries, Dewberries, Moore's Early grapes, Moore's Diamond grapes, Niagara grapes, Worden grapes, Peach tree, Dwarf apples, pears, cherries and plums, all from England; FLOWERS: Nasturtiums, This array may seem fantastic, but it was made by the writer in the garden shown here, not large quantities of anything, but a great variety, in what gives interest and excitement to this game of back yard gardening.

Art Ignorance.

IT is no wonder our American millionaires, when they come to buy pictures, get lipped," said Hopkinson Smith at a luncheon in Paris. "These men, as a rule, are as ignorant of every art term as was the old colored man who said: 'Times has changed since de wah. Before de wah hit was only de slaves dat was sold, but Ah understand dat an ole mahatist was knocked down las' week at auction in New York for plus enter a thousand dollars.'"

"How to Keep Cool?" the Question of the Hour

AS SURPRISINGLY obvious unanimity of opinion seems to actuate Washington folk during the summer months on one point at least, their sole and concrete idea seems to be to keep cool. Every body everywhere within this city devotes much time and energy to the gentle art of being and staying cool.

The heat, like the rain, falls alike on all classes. In summer the temperature of the mansion is that of the hovel, and the sameness of suffering brings about a remarkable democracy in search for relief. Wherever an observant one goes the gatherings are noted to be made up of every financial and social class, all animated by the same object and indifferent to who their fellows may be of course, the favored take long motor rides out from the dust of the town to where roads are broad and green fields show through the fences and there is plenty of air with a dash of vitality in it. Hundreds of machines whizz along the street leading away from the center of town, particularly toward evenings and after nightfall.

As mid after the sun swept backward under the rapidly moving cars the occupants almost believe the heat a myth of newspapers and the weather bureau until there is an awful slump in the atmosphere, caused by a sudden stop. Throughout the day the town is traversed by these touring cars with raincoats and roadsters, carrying men who transact their business en route rather than in a fixed office. When work hours are ended feminine guests or relatives are added to the contents of the machines. Until late in the night the hoarse "honk" of the horns rouses disquieted sleepers, for when the master comes home the chauffeur goes out again with a chosen party of friends and a few wakened neighbors to the disturbed rest that attends a stifling night.

Wherever there is a painted palm, an electric fan and a radio, the thronging electric to hear music and sip cooling drinks and talk about the heat. Open-air picture shows, swept by ocean breezes, to quote from a bill, are highly crowded to the doors by people who firmly believe the air is cooler there than on the street. Even moving picture places where the fans are few and weak, filled up early in the evening, and the spectators, who are mostly women, of the influence of mind state and breeze, which somehow always blow so readily in a moving picture, and imagine themselves really quite comfortable.

Thanks to the many apartment houses now occupied in Washington, its people are more and more adopting the Baltimore and Philadelphia custom of "sitting out front" even in the conservative sections of town. And there is a semi-sound of laughter from among the tree shaded steps, the ripple of low conversation, and an occasional bit of melody that really has a tendency to suggest coolness. Especially in this custom noted in the parts of the city where houses were built when ground was not so valuable.

who hope by eating lighter food than that which pleases them in the winter time to coax the heat into submission. All heavy meats are avoided by an element that finds them too stimulating, and only salads, fruits, vegetables, rock game and sea food are partaken of.

Both the men and women of Washington wear clothing almost tropical in its whiteness and lightness of texture. Not even in New Orleans is more summery attire seen. White shoes, with rubber or cork soles; gray socks, mode shoes—all meant to divert that dreadful ache caused by the melting tar of the streets—are to be discovered on both sexes. Nowhere else, save by the sea or in the tropics, does one see so many white flannels and ducks and mohair suits, or find so many well dressed women shopping in the very low necked blouses and the latest of gowns. They have solved the problem of dressing to

driven "to the park," meaning Rock Creek or around the swampy, or along the broad Avenue, where there is always a breeze to be disturbed if one has the proper sort of disturber.

But Washingtonians do not confine their concerted efforts at coolness to the city limits. While far better provided with breathing room than most cities of its size, they who like here go out from it by boat and trolley and horseback and in everything that has wheels to find greater succor from the heat.

With the first really warm day every one here instinctively thinks of the glory of a day on the water. That being impossible or inconvenient, a few hours is considered a substitute, and "down the

river" they go in thousands. Every boat is crowded, and at the resorts every swing roller coaster chute and merry-go-round tending to continue the lowered temperature the water trip has brought about is crowded with human life.

Women and children usually predominate in the early morning trips, but when the sun is down and the water is cool, the "moonlight," regardless of whether or not the boat is visible, and get a glimpse of the city from the water. The boats, which are some of the most beautiful in the world, are crowded with people, and the water is a mass of white sails and the boats are a mass of white sails.

But, of course, the majority take their airing via the trolley. It is the arteries and veins and sinews of the town. By it the multitude goes to visit suburban friends on Sunday afternoons, or on any other afternoon that they happen to be invited to the country clubs, to the resorts for picnicking and dancing and general enjoyment; to the various parks and to the theaters and to the city.

The band concerts at Fort Myer and the square public grounds attract many people. The advertised automobile trips to inspect nearby real estate tempt folks who never expect to own enough ground to build a one-room bungalow. The air is as bracing to them as though they owned the car, so they go to get cool and dream and recreation simultaneously that let some one buy the property or have the pleasure of repairing the machine.

People sleep out of doors all night in the parks, or until told brusquely to "move on," on door steps, in area ways, on the roofs, and on the specially, the ever-growing foreign element. And they eat watermelon on the sidewalk and grow more and more careless of displaying the innermost secrets of their lares and penates to the passer-by, and they put the job of trying to keep cool.

The "gardens" where orchestras blare and a regular potpourri of humanity gathers for a sandwich or a supper, are so filled with people hunting coolness that they are almost blind to the reverse often perspiring ones line the walls waiting for a chance to sit down. Rich and medium, dignified and the reverse compete for the same vagrant breezes, for heat levels all distinctions.

Women take their sewing to these benches and young girls their novels. Nurses find in an agreeable place for keeping youngsters good natured. The owners of two-seated buggy go by and imagine they must be cooler in the shade, while the seated element gazes back and wishes it could a-riding go.

The specialty unrolls like a bolt of white ribbon over an expanse of velvety green, which might be the robe of summer with, at intervals, a flashing gleam of silver where sunlight glances on a rippling wave of the Potomac. People stroll along the footpaths that parallel it and

sit on the tree-shaded banks and watch hundreds of dainty little canoes that are drifting lazily by or moving swiftly in the face of a welcome breeze which stirs the occupants to greater activity.

Houseboats tie up along the shore and carefree people in them, defying mosquitoes as less fearsome than the heat of the town, go to bed without even a glance at the thermometer.

The many boat clubs are popular with young men and women who care for the heat to enduring it alone. Whenever there is a chance at a fish some solitary angler from six to sixty will be seen huddled in the shelter of a bank, patiently moping his brow and reaching for bait, confident that he is far cooler than the sweltering ones at home.

Down in the markets ancient colored mamies and serving men, now turned hucksters, swathe their heads in green and clammy leaves that have first been moistened. This is to cool the fevered brow and prevent sunstroke. The crossing policeman cases his helmet back as far as is discreet and manages to keep his coat buttoned and unbuttoned at one and the same time—a feat peculiar to the crossing policeman. It is not because he aims to shine as a trick artist, however, but because he is endeavoring to keep cool.

The rear end of an ice wagon is a favored spot for all small boys who roam the streets at will. They do not need a change in atmosphere, for they know that it is cooler there than on the last step of a conveyance for hot bread; and their rapid dives for treats and their quick exits to the water, or to the cooler embrace of one who watches from a cooler eminence.

Public fountains are freely patronized by both men and women, and many a young palm leaf fans are so numerous as to seem monotonous. The deluded ilk who are attracted to the fountains, between the neck and the collar cools the former and prevents the latter from wilting go about thus decorated and trying not to look conscious.

Up at the Capitol all the cumbersome draperies which made summer unbearable to the senators have been removed, and now that everybody has gone, the building is being made delightfully cool and sanitary with fans buzzing and floors aglow and all office windows darkened.

There never was a summer in Washington, it seems, when so many well dressed men went about in the evening sans coat and hat and waistcoat and stiff linen collars. Even downtown during the day men are appearing in soft shirts with neck accessories the same, at places where this was formerly thought too informal a procedure.

The much-faunted water wagon makes frequent trips through the dusty streets, scattering the mists of wetness alike on the pavement and the pedestrians. But there isn't a growl. Urchins loathe dearly to get in the focus of the sprinkler and receive an impromptu bath at which mother cannot scold. The hookey-pole man does a boom-town business, and even the man who sells coal in winter is evidently trying to make his place cooler by putting out a conspicuous "ice" sign these days.

The band concerts at Fort Myer and the square public grounds attract many people. The advertised automobile trips to inspect nearby real estate tempt folks who never expect to own enough ground to build a one-room bungalow. The air is as bracing to them as though they owned the car, so they go to get cool and dream and recreation simultaneously that let some one buy the property or have the pleasure of repairing the machine.

People sleep out of doors all night in the parks, or until told brusquely to "move on," on door steps, in area ways, on the roofs, and on the specially, the ever-growing foreign element. And they eat watermelon on the sidewalk and grow more and more careless of displaying the innermost secrets of their lares and penates to the passer-by, and they put the job of trying to keep cool.

The "gardens" where orchestras blare and a regular potpourri of humanity gathers for a sandwich or a supper, are so filled with people hunting coolness that they are almost blind to the reverse often perspiring ones line the walls waiting for a chance to sit down. Rich and medium, dignified and the reverse compete for the same vagrant breezes, for heat levels all distinctions.

Famous Chinese Encyclopedia at Library

A LITTLE over a year ago a grateful American government returned thanks to China for the gift of a complete set of the famous Chinese encyclopedia.

The Tu Shu Tsi Chenz, for which agents of the Library of Congress had long searched the book markets of the world. Today the same grateful government is scratching its head, searching its linguistic resources and adopting the most novel means conceivable to have portions of the great epitome of Chinese knowledge translated into work-a-day English for the use of its agricultural and other scientific departments.

Though written over 200 years ago, the Chinese encyclopedia holds in its 5,000 volumes secrets of inestimable value to the future of the agricultural development of this country. The wild and tame rice, the varieties of dates, corn, alfalfa and clovers upon which the great Chinese empire was sustained through centuries of its growth were better known to the botanists who collaborated in the preparation of the Tu Shu Tsi Chenz than they are to many modern students of Chinese resources.

How to get at the treasures locked up in this Chinese storehouse has been the problem to which scientists of the Department of Agriculture have been devoting themselves for over a year. Chinese students living in this country and attaches of the Chinese legation at Washington, after wading into the great ocean of Chinese literature, have been compelled to pause before a classical form of the oriental language, with which they

provided the key to them could be found. Later examinations have shown that over 2,000 pages of the books are devoted to exhaustive treatment of agricultural and botanical subjects.

The explorers for the American Department of Agriculture in China have worked under the greatest handicaps in their search for new species and varieties of valuable plants and fruits. They could secure no access to the great encyclopedia in China, and would have found it impossible to get adequate translations even if permitted to examine one of the rare books.

The problem tackled by Walter T. Swingle and David Fairchild of the bureau of plant industry and other scientists of the department at Washington was a peculiar one. They had all the desired information almost at their elbows, but could not find a man in the United States even a native Chinaman, who would agree to interpret it for the American scientific world. They had explorers in China ready to do the work, but they were not entirely helpless so far as acquiring the Chinese information without the aid of the Department of Agriculture in Washington.

So, with the spirit of conquest which has carried the scientists of Secretary Wilson's department into many strange lands and unexpected adventures, it was determined to virtually carry the encyclopedia back to China, have it translated by some scholar familiar with the classical language of the early eighteenth century and bring the results back to the department at Washington for research and comparison with existing data.

From the works of a German student of oriental literature Mr. Swingle secured many references to pages of the Chinese

encyclopedia containing descriptions of the grains and fruits for which the United States had sent explorers into the farthest districts of China. Photographs of these pages were then taken in the vaults of the congressional library. These photographs, bound up in books of a dozen or so, were sent to the American consulate at Shanghai for interpretation under the direction of the late Stephen P. Barchet, deputy consul general

and one of the most efficient interpreters in the empire. It was with difficulty that any adequate translation of the passages could be secured, even in China. Shortly after the work began Mr. Barchet died, and the department is again confronted with embarrassment in its efforts to get the pages translated into English, even within the Chinese realm. The translations that were completed, with the photographed pages, were returned to the Agricultural Department at Washington. Here the descriptions and data of 200 years ago were compared with information contained in modern botanical records, and with the original information secured by the American explorers.

The result has been to furnish new and important facts bearing upon wild rice, dates, alfalfa and all the varieties of clovers. Much important information bearing upon the early use of corn and the varieties of the cereal was found. This information, again sent to China in the form of specific instructions to the explorers in the field, has been the means of adding new species to the Chinese agricultural game laws which may be of great ultimate value when employed for use by the farmers of America.

The great encyclopedia which the Congressional Library is now displaying to the public for the first time is considered one of the literary treasures of the world. Up to this time the only known copy in the United States was that in the British Museum, secured in 1877, and which is incomplete in many particulars. The copy now in the Congressional Library, and a small portion of which is exhibited in the large case given to it by the library, was presented by the Chinese government through its special ambassador, Tang Shao-Yi, who came to America late in 1908 to convey thanks to President

America's copy comes from the Chinese government and is accompanied with the usual paucity of explanations or information attending Chinese gifts. The introduction to the great work, translated by students of Chinese who have labored over it at the Congressional Library, adds no important information to that previously obtained by the government, and gives no hint as to the time of publication, or the auspices under which it was produced.

the country have made frequent reference to its pages, but have been unable to make any general translations from it or to add the American Department of Agriculture in the work it is trying to do.

The encyclopedia is the compilation of hundreds of Chinese students who worked on the early part of the eighteenth century. The idioms and everyday language of China have changed during the 200 years, and its pages hold a language more unfamiliar to modern Chinese eyes than old English is to the average American of today.

The government has been unable to set any definite information as to where or when the new edition was printed, its actual value or whether it was printed for general distribution or for the immediate use of the royal household. The encyclopedia has never been put upon the market, and previous efforts of the Congressional Library to secure a set have failed completely.

The work is comprised in 5,041 Chinese volumes, printed on the highest grade of rice paper and apparently from engraved copper plates. These volumes range from a half to three-quarters of an inch in thickness, and from eight to ten of them are held in each of the yellow bound volumes in which they are preserved by the Chinese for library reference.

As a compendium of the history of an empire's development along all lines of progress the Tu Shu Tsi Chenz has no parallel among the works of other nations of the earth. Early in the fifteenth century, under the Ming dynasty, an attempt was made to compile a record of all knowledge existing in the Chinese world. Two thousand students worked for years upon the task and prepared 2,000 volumes as the result of their labors. Only two hundred copies of this gigantic work were prepared, and only fragments of each remain.

Again, in 1729, the attempt to record for posterity the knowledge of the time was undertaken under royal directions, and the result was the "Siku Tsi Chenz," the result of this labor. The first edition of the new encyclopedia was very small, and the second edition, which was the one in the library, was much larger. In the accident, is incomplete in many particulars.

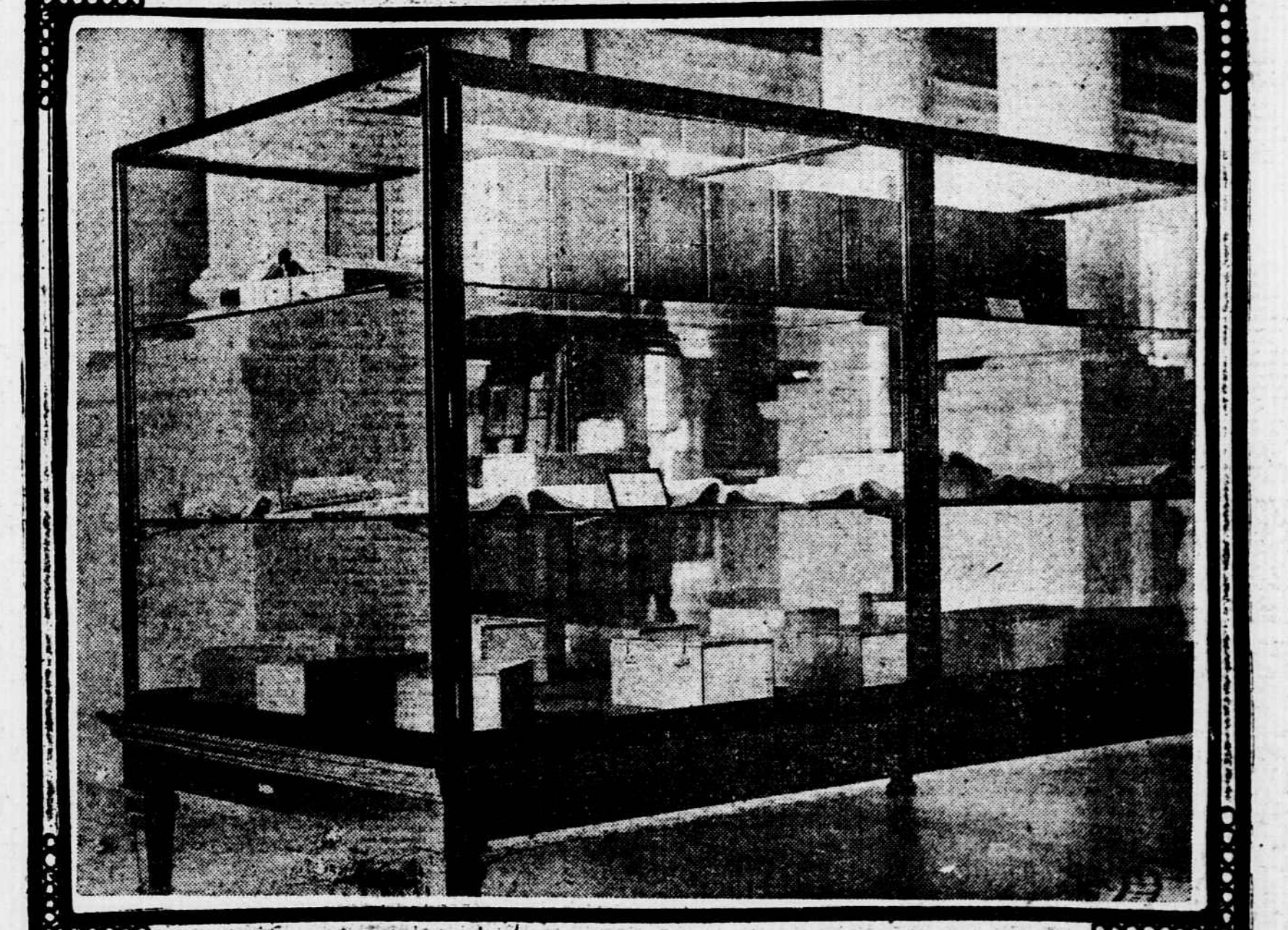
No Choice in the Matter.

"I DIDN'T get two hours' sleep last night," yawned a lively young blade in the front of The Star, about 8 o'clock Sunday evening. "And it all came from having a landlady who's somewhat too much of a new woman. You see, I planned to go up the river this morning with a bunch of fellows to spend the day fishing and rustling and generally. We were to make a daybreak start, and at dinner last evening I asked my landlady to make some arrangement to wake me about 4 o'clock."

"I virtuously intended to turn in about 9, but after dinner I came down town, got mixed up with a crowd at the club and it was after 2 this morning when I got home. I was just getting good and fast asleep when there came a thundering knock on my door. It was the landlady."

"Time to get up," came her voice through the door, "after 4 o'clock." "Now the pink beauties of a Sunday's morning are out, and I'm up and about in morning light. I determined that the greatest joy life held for me was a morning's fishing and rustling and generally. We were to make a daybreak start, and at dinner last evening I asked my landlady to make some arrangement to wake me about 4 o'clock."

"I virtuously intended to turn in about 9, but after dinner I came down town, got mixed up with a crowd at the club and it was after 2 this morning when I got home. I was just getting good and fast asleep when there came a thundering knock on my door. It was the landlady."



PORTION OF CHINESE ENCYCLOPEDIA NOW ON EXHIBITION AT CONGRESSIONAL LIBRARY.